

STARBLAZER

12p

AUS 40c NZ

SPACE FICTION ADVENTURE IN PICTURES No.11

THE PURPLE PLANET





STARBLAZER

Out deep
in the far reaches
of infinity, many strange life
forms exist. Some insular, some peace-
ful, some aggressive, some inquisitive, and some
you can't comprehend. This is the story of three life forms,
one human, one aggressive and one from the Purple Planet.

THE PURPLE PLANET

CAPTAIN! THAT
DRAK SHIP IS
ATTACKING US.

VERY OBSERVANT OF
YOU, SENATOR SAMSON!

EARTH WAS THE GALAXY'S PEACE-KEEPER, AND SEVERAL SENATORS WERE ABOARD SOL-3 TO ARBITRATE IN A LONG-STANDING WAR BETWEEN DRAK AND PROTA. BUT A DRAK SHIP OPENED FIRE ON THE PEACE-KEEPING MISSION.



A COUPLE OF HUNDRED THOUSAND MILES AWAY, THE FREIGHTER "STARBINE" WAS HEADING TOWARDS ITS DESTINATION. ITS CAPTAIN — NEWLY QUALIFIED — LIEUTENANT SIMEON.

YOU KNOW, PUTE, I NEVER THOUGHT SPACE WOULD BE SO BORING!



I AM A COMPUTER, SIR. I FIND NOTHING BORING.

THE SHIP'S AUTOMATIC! YOU COULD FLY IT! IT'S NOT HOW I IMAGINED IT AT NAVAL COLLEGE. I'M GOING TO BED.



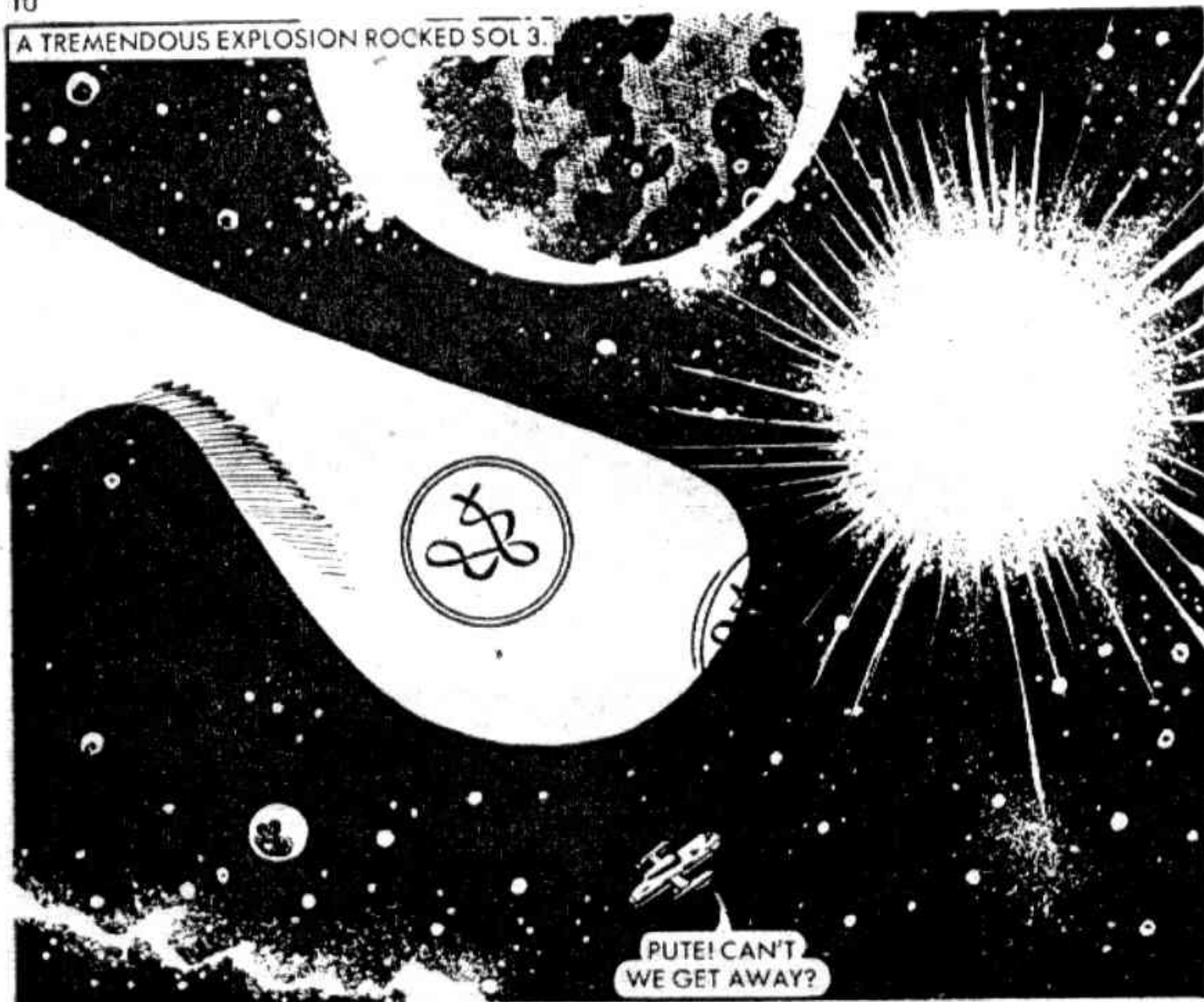




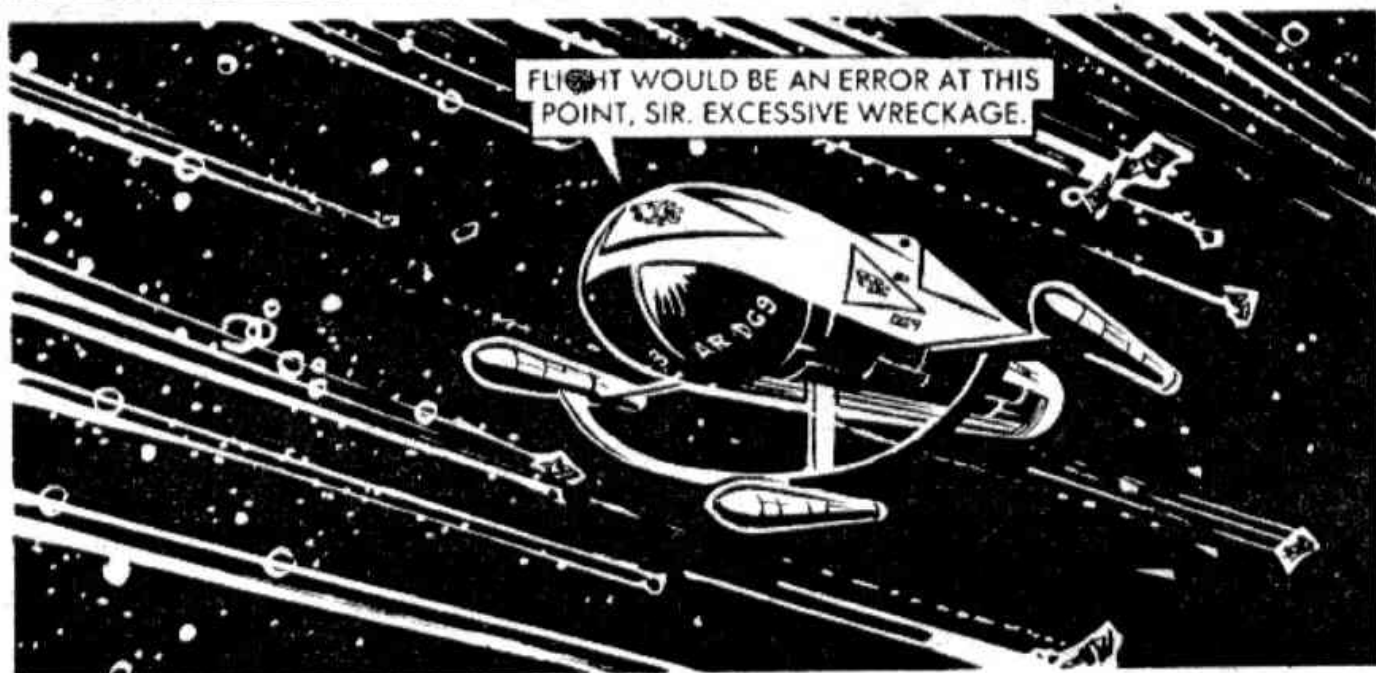




A TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION ROCKED SOL 3.



PUTE! CAN'T
WE GET AWAY?



FLIGHT WOULD BE AN ERROR AT THIS
POINT, SIR. EXCESSIVE WRECKAGE.

A PIECE OF WRECKAGE TORE A HOLE IN STARBINE'S HULL.

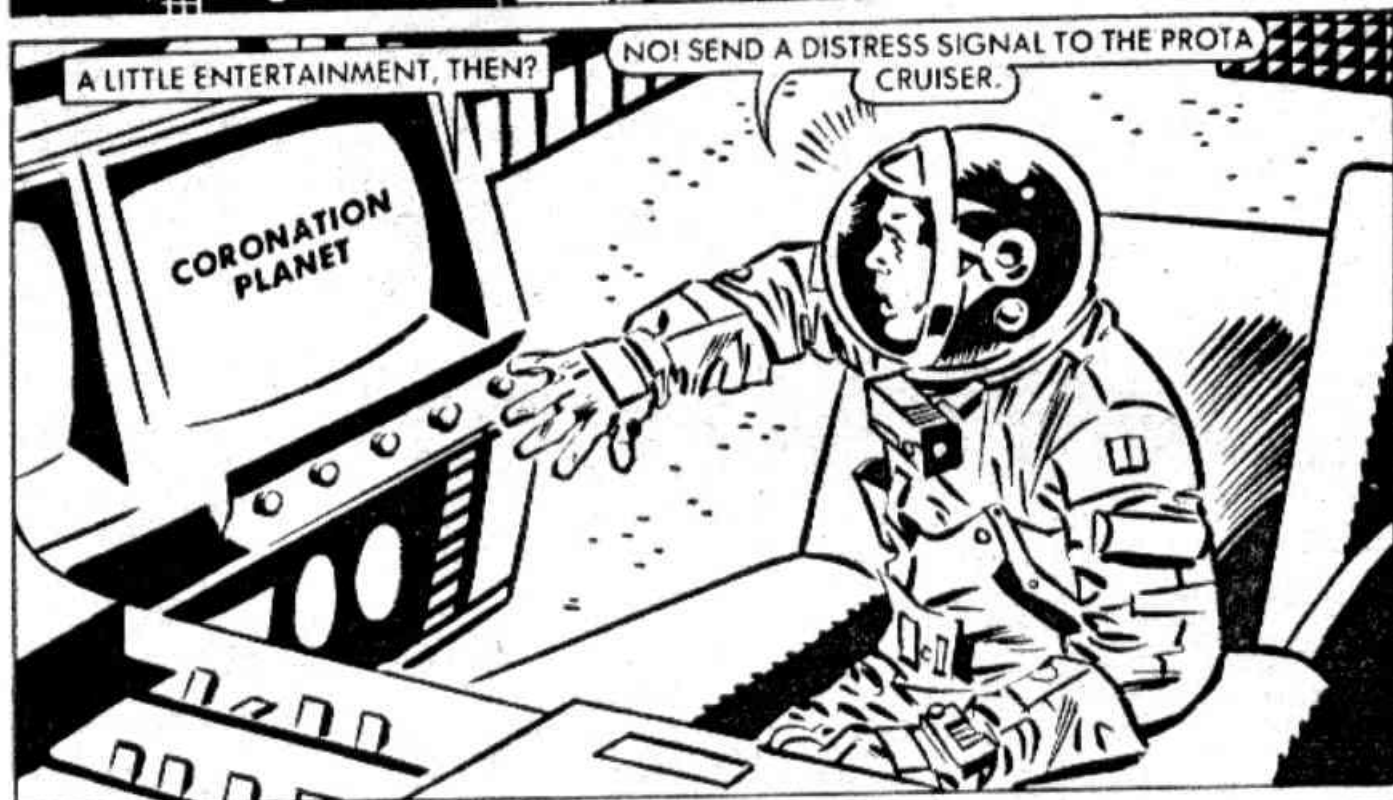
ATTENTION! DAMAGE TO OUTER
SKIN. CLOSING ALL PRESSURE DOORS.

DAMAGE REPORT: CARGO INTACT.
STARBOARD ENGINE IMMOBILE.
PRESSURE LOSS ARRESTED. ARTIFICIAL
GRAVITY GENERATOR MAY HAVE
SUSTAINED DAMAGE.

I WOULD NEVER
HAVE GUESSED.

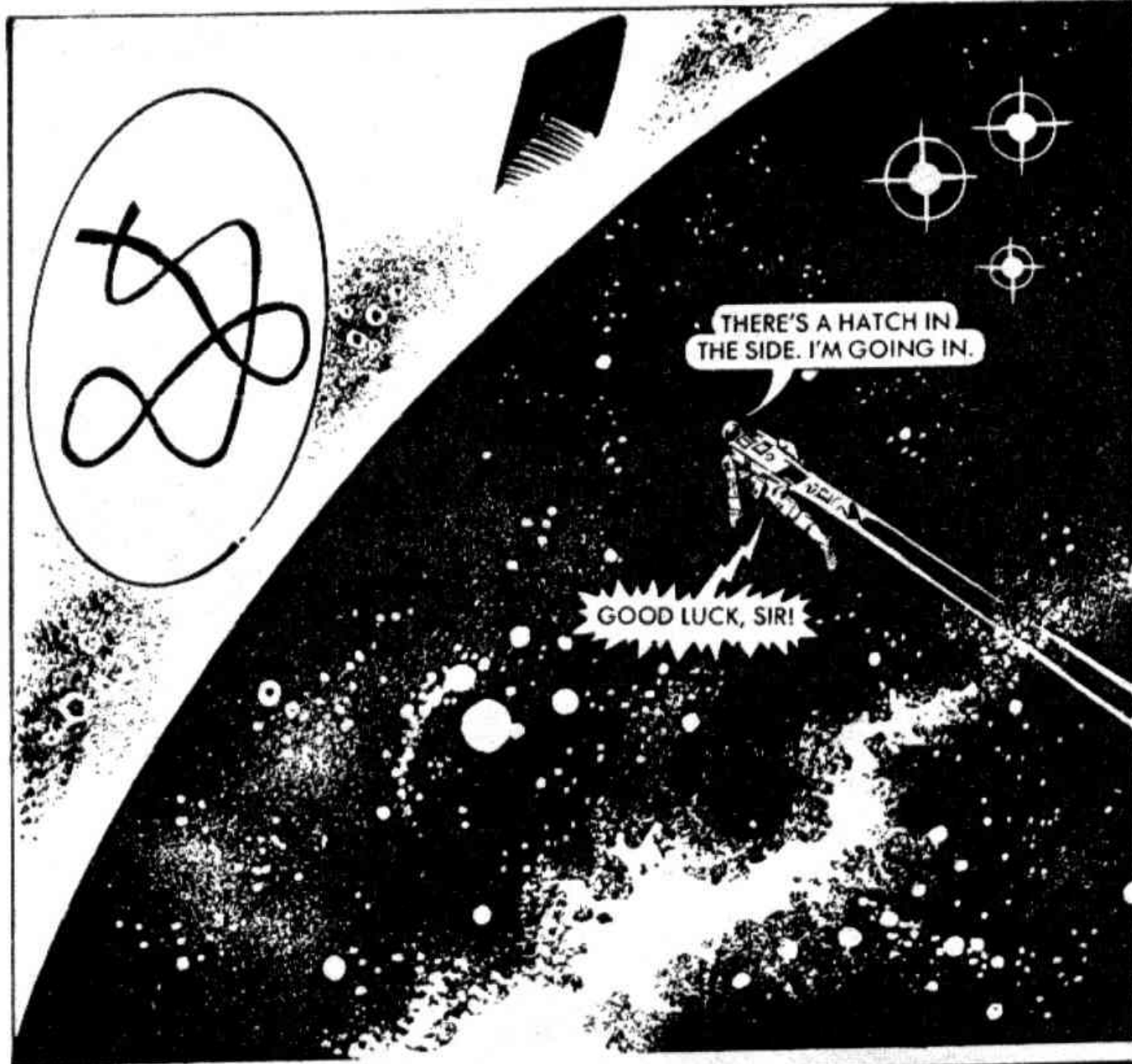






AFTER SEVERAL UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPTS SIMEON
DECIDED TO JET OVER.







THE PROTA SHIP LURCHED.

IT'S ALL VERY WELL FOR YOU, YOU OVERGROWN BEANCAN, BUT—HEY, THE SHIP'S ROLLING!



WHAT'S HAPPENING
OUT THERE, PUTE—

THE CRUISER'S HEADING FOR
THE SURFACE OF PROTA. IT'S
PULLING STARBINE DOWN. BY THE
WAY, SIR, THE PLANET IS PURPLE
... EVEN THE VEGETATION.

AT LEAST WE'RE GOING IN THE
RIGHT DIRECTION! KEEP ME
INFORMED. I'M GOING TO SEE IF
I CAN FIND ANY OF THESE PROTA
OR WHATEVER THEY'RE CALLED.

BUT SIMEON'S SEARCH PROVED FRUITLESS.

IS THERE ANYBODY AT ALL IN
THIS LOUSY SHIP? I MUST HAVE
WALKED MILES!

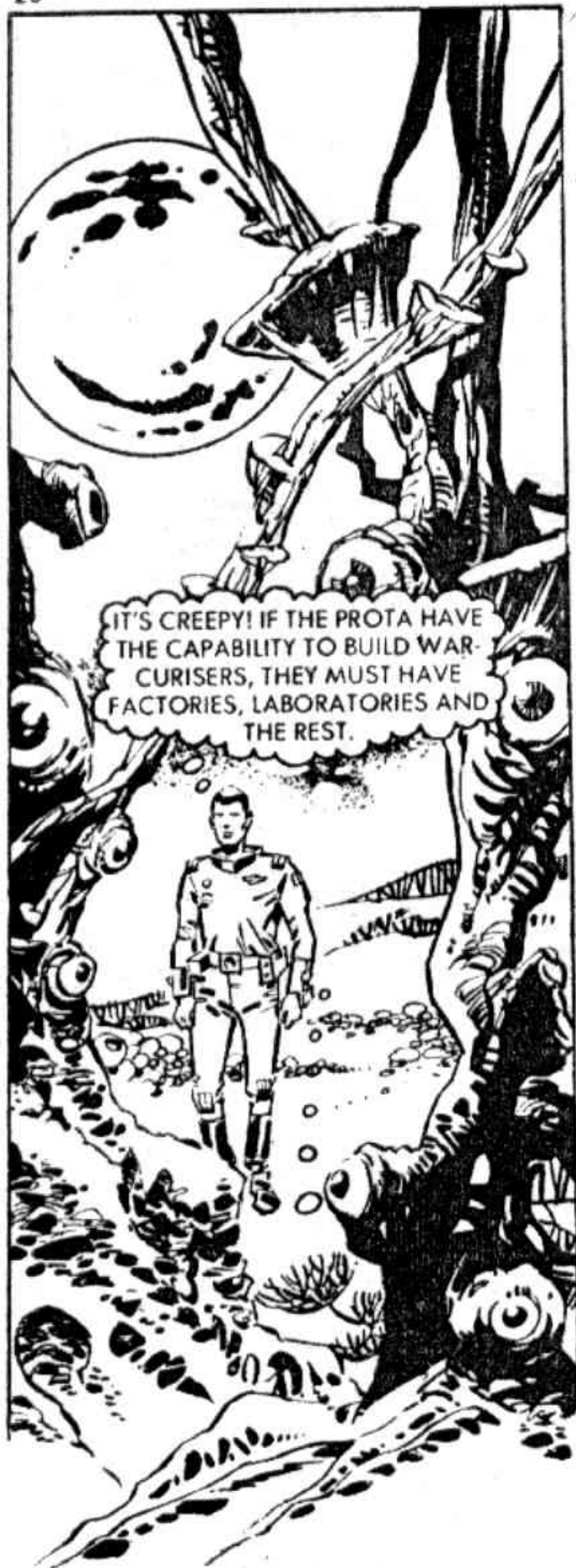
SECONDS LATER.

WE'RE LANDING, SIR.

I WAS BEGINNING TO FEEL LIKE THE ONLY GUEST AT A FUNERAL — MY OWN. HOW DO I GET OUT OF THIS THING?









SIMEON DIVED FOR COVER.

THEY'RE NOT PEACEFUL!
THEY MUST BE DRAKS!



COME OUT, PROTAN SCUM.

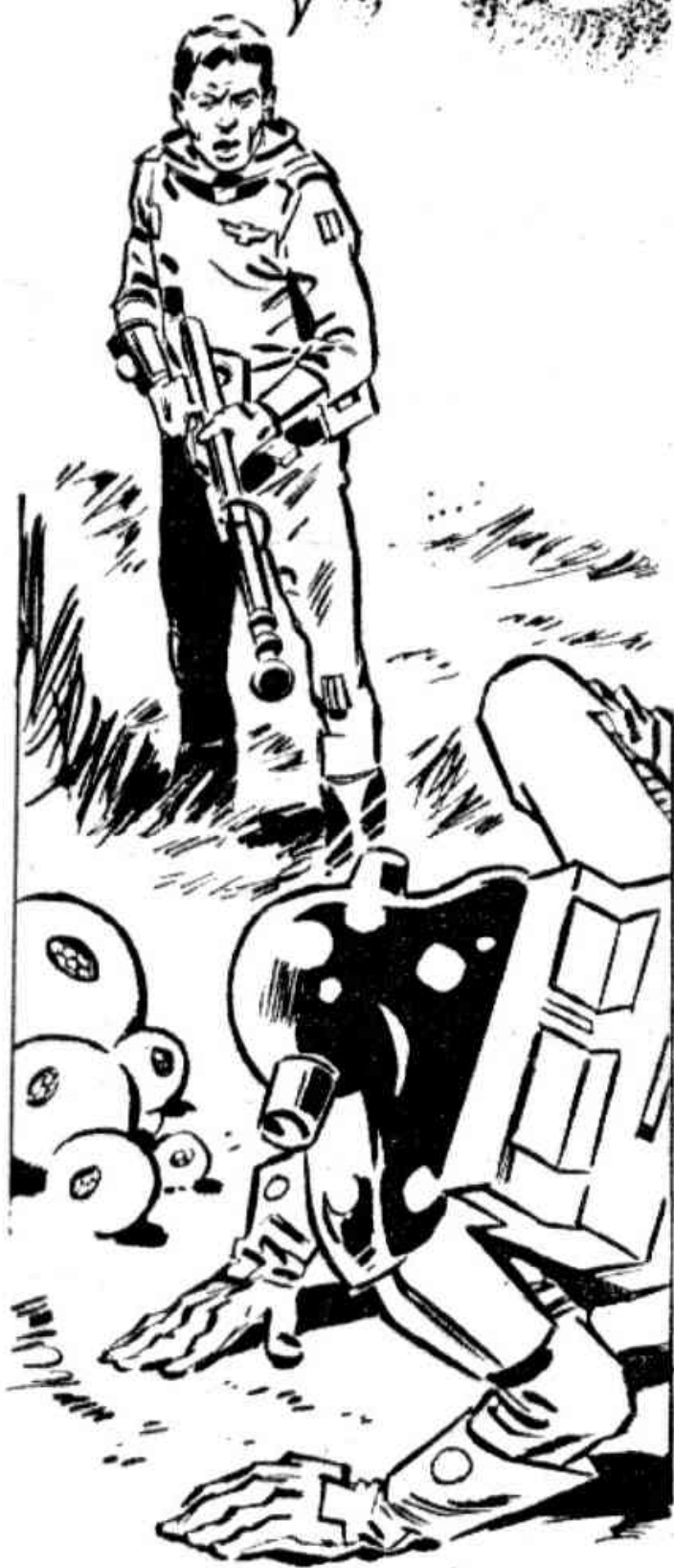
THEY THINK I'M A PROTAN!
THEY CAN'T HAVE SEEN
ONE, EITHER!



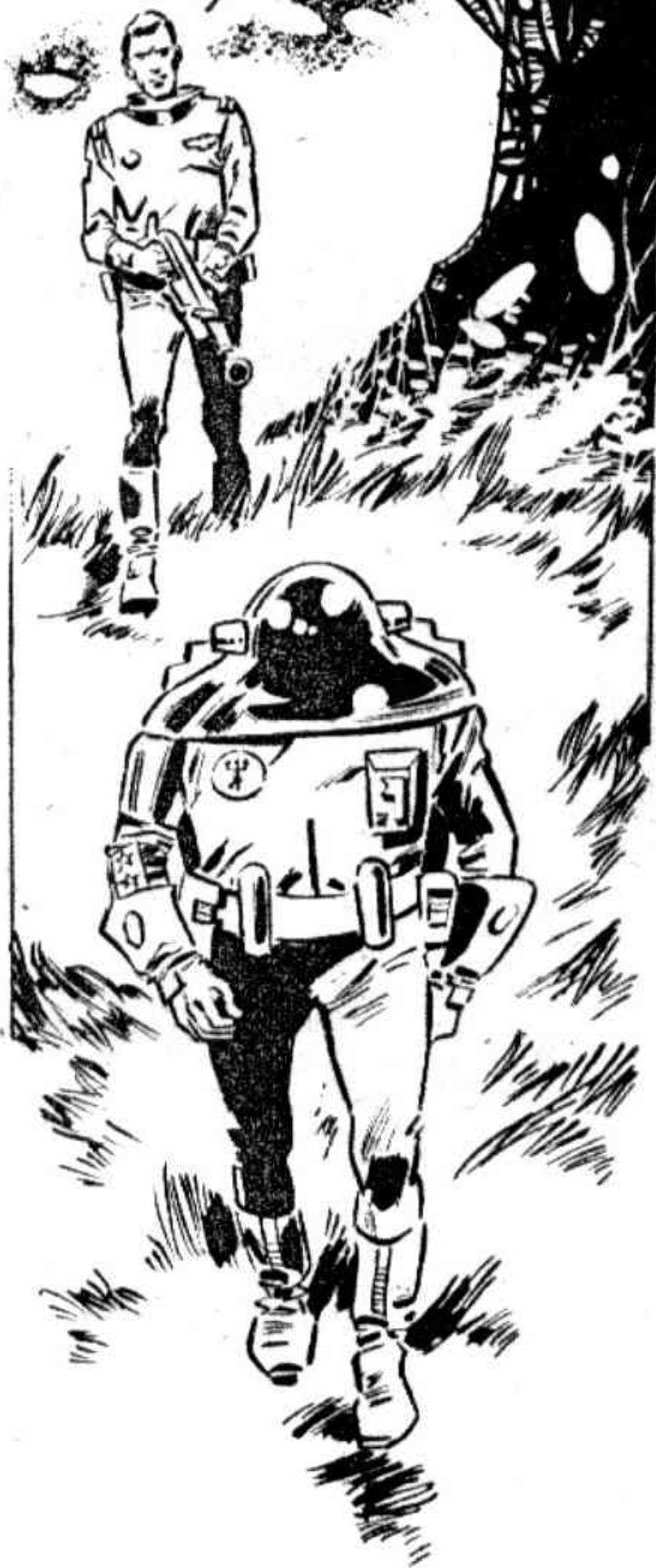


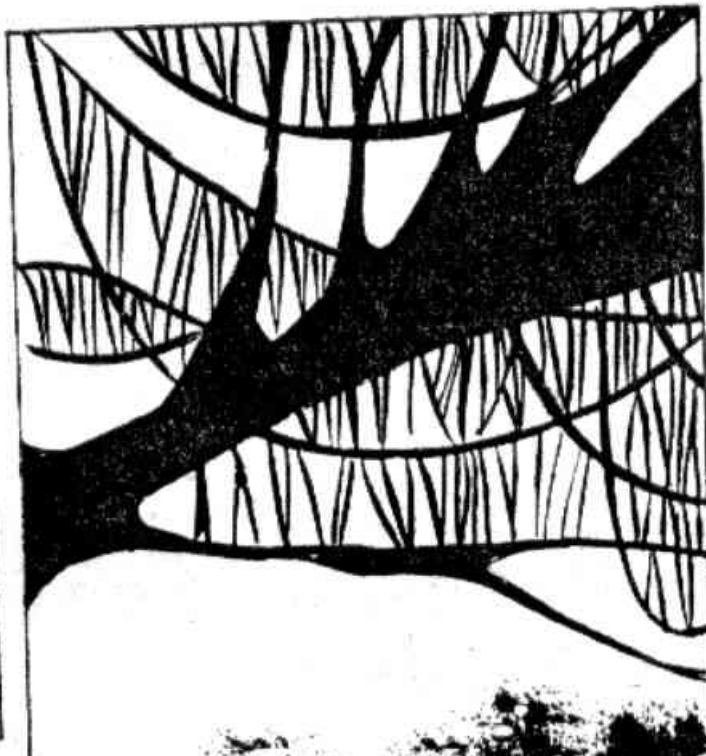


RIGHT, DRAK! UNLESS YOU
WANT TO BE TURNED INTO
CHARCOAL, TAKE ME TO YOUR
SCOUTSHIP.



YOU MUST HAVE ONE, YOU'RE
TOO FAR AWAY FROM CIVILISATION
TO WALK! FOR THE RECORD, I'M NO
PROTAN, I'M AN EARTHMAN!
GOT IT? GET WALKING!







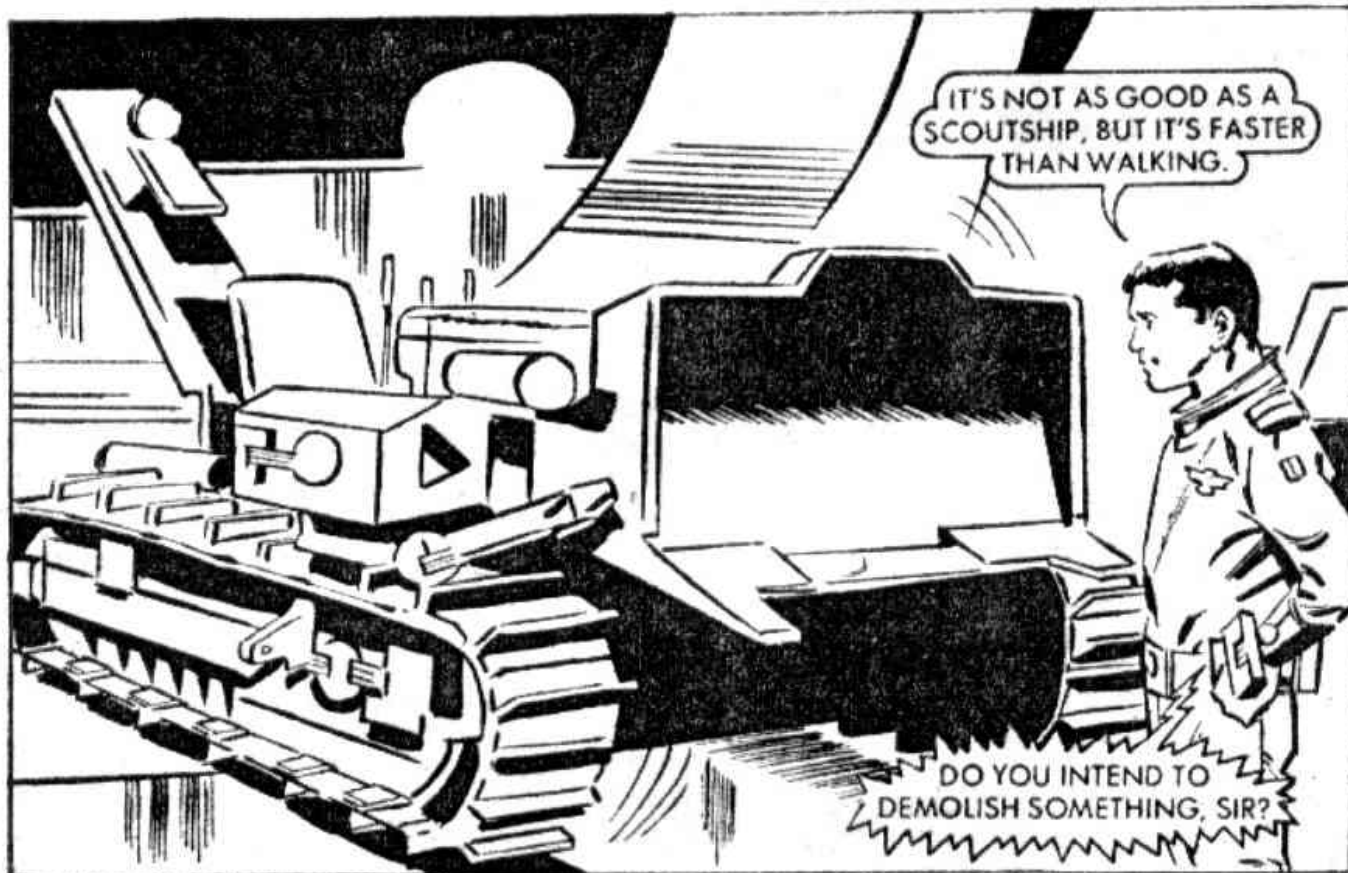














THE OTHER DRAK HAD REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS.

THE ALIEN IS TRAVELLING IN
A LAND VEHICLE. SEND
SCOUTSHIPS TO DESTROY
HIM.

NO SIGN OF LIFE AT ALL.
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!

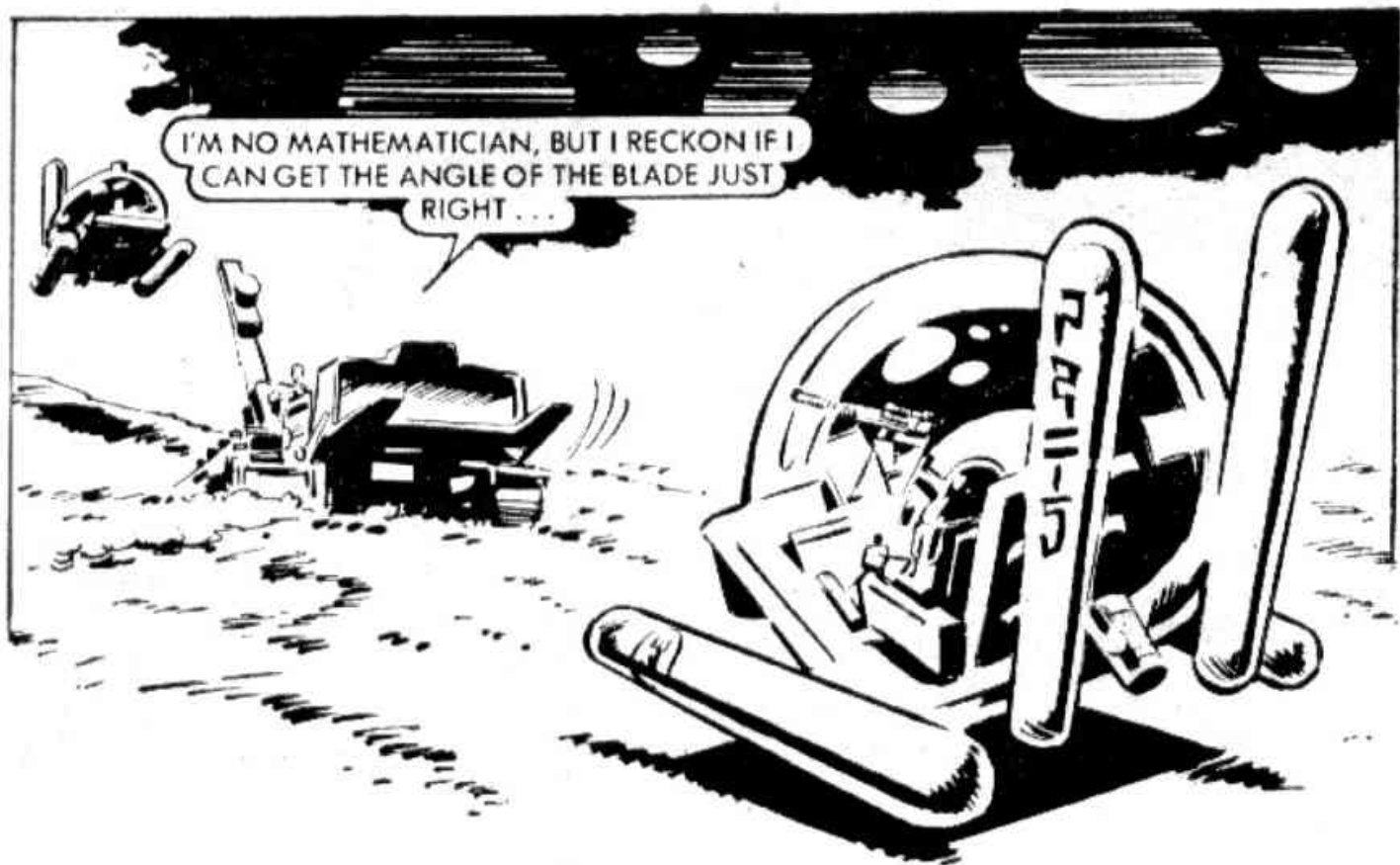
THERE WAS LIFE ... AND DEATH.

THE PLANT ... IT'S ALIVE ...



BUT THE SCOUTSHIPS WERE ON THEIR WAY.









A THUNDEROUS ROAR BEHIND HIM
ANSWERED HIS QUESTION.





NO SOONER HAD HE BOARDED THE
PROTAN CRUISER, THAN IT TOOK OFF.

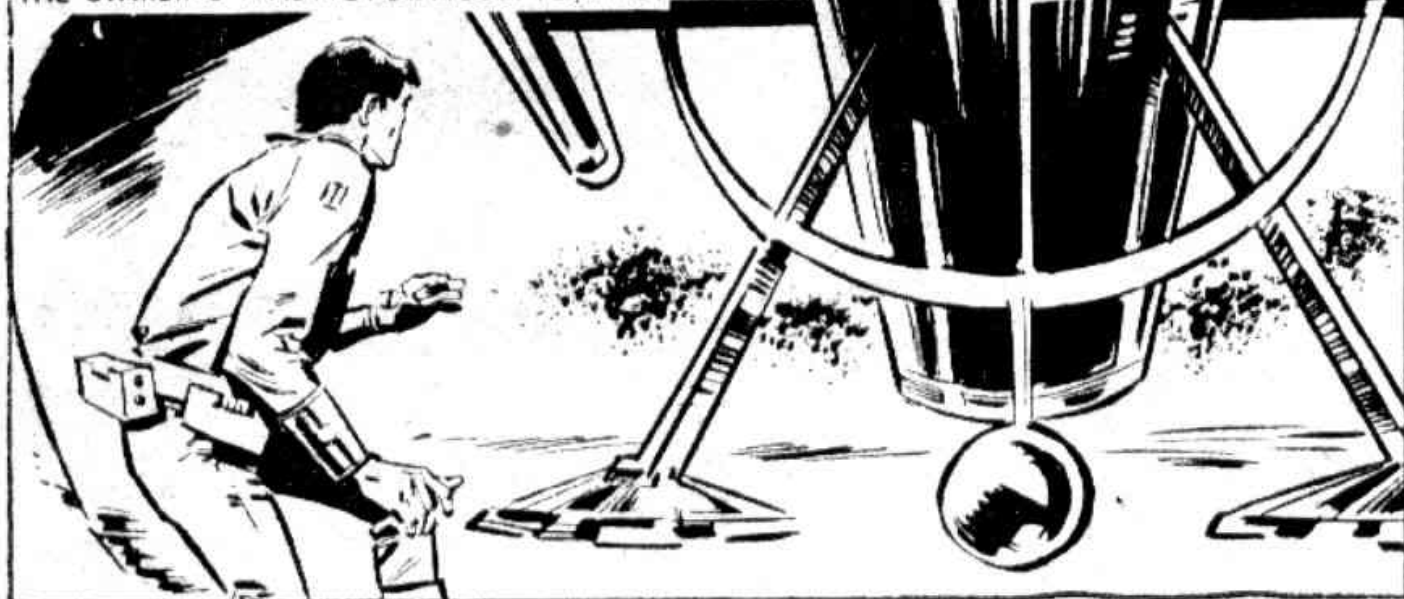
IT'S LIFTING OFF AGAIN ... ALMOST
AS IF IT WERE WAITING FOR ME!



THE CRUISER IS TAKING THE
STARBINE UP INTO ITS
HOLD, SIR. ANY
INSTRUCTIONS?



THE STARBINE WAS NOT DIFFICULT TO FIND.





THANKS A BUNCH, PROTA. THAT'S ALL I NEEDED! A DISABLED SHIP, A LOST CARGO, A RESCUE MISSION I CAN'T FOLLOW THROUGH AND NOW FOUR DRAK FRIGATES AFTER MY NECK!

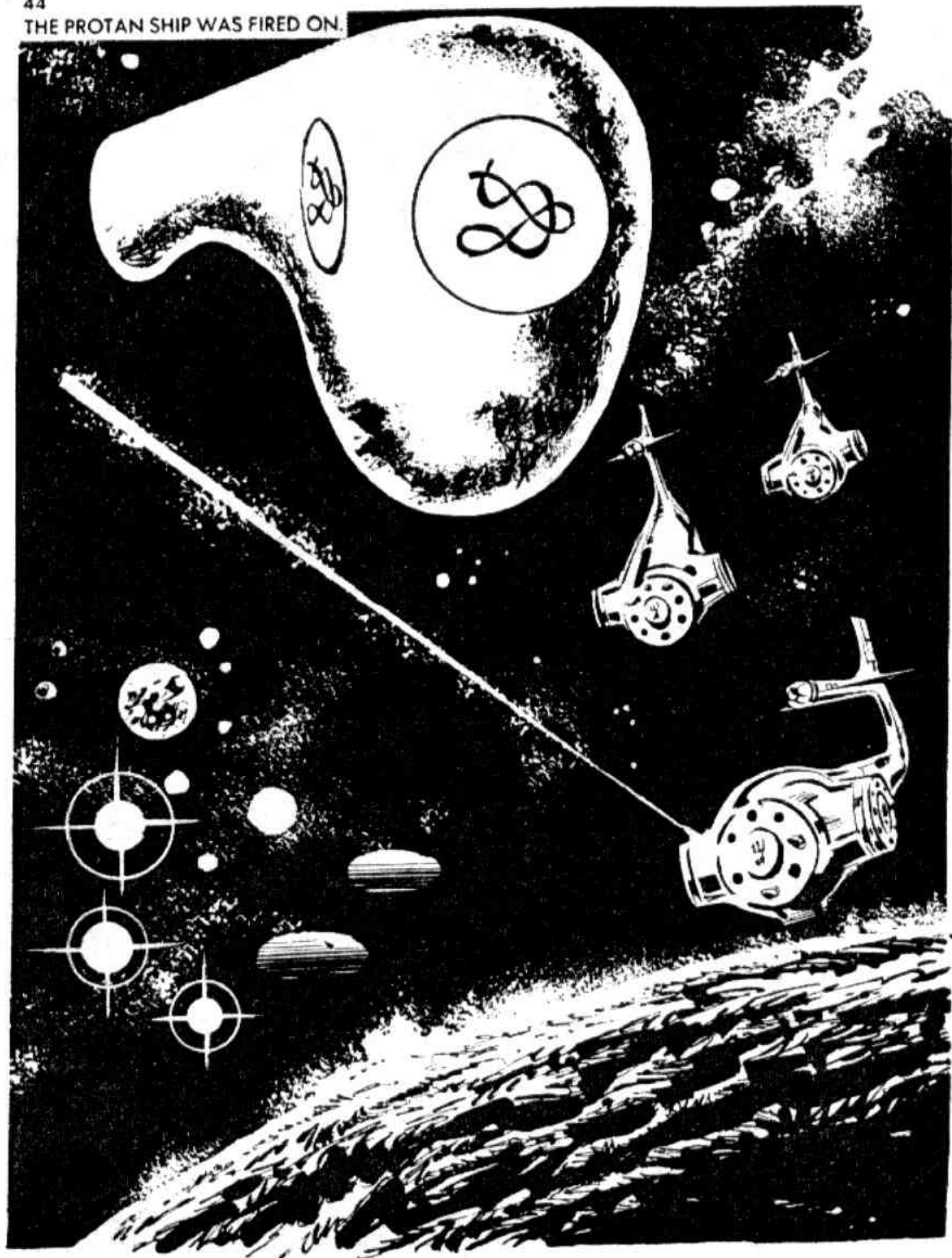
WE, THE PROTA SALUTE YOU, EARTHMAN. THERE IS NO REASON FOR FEAR OR DISTRESS. BEFORE MANY REVOLUTIONS HAVE PASSED THE DRAK MENACE WILL BE GONE FROM US. REST WITH US, AND ALL WILL BE WELL.



SO, THEY SPEAK ... BUT WHERE ARE THEY?



THE PROTAN SHIP WAS FIRED ON.






WE'RE UNDER ATTACK! CAN'T YOU
GET ME A PICTURE, PUTE?

SORRY, SIR. THE BEST I CAN OFFER
IS A RATHER FUZZY RADAR TRACE.

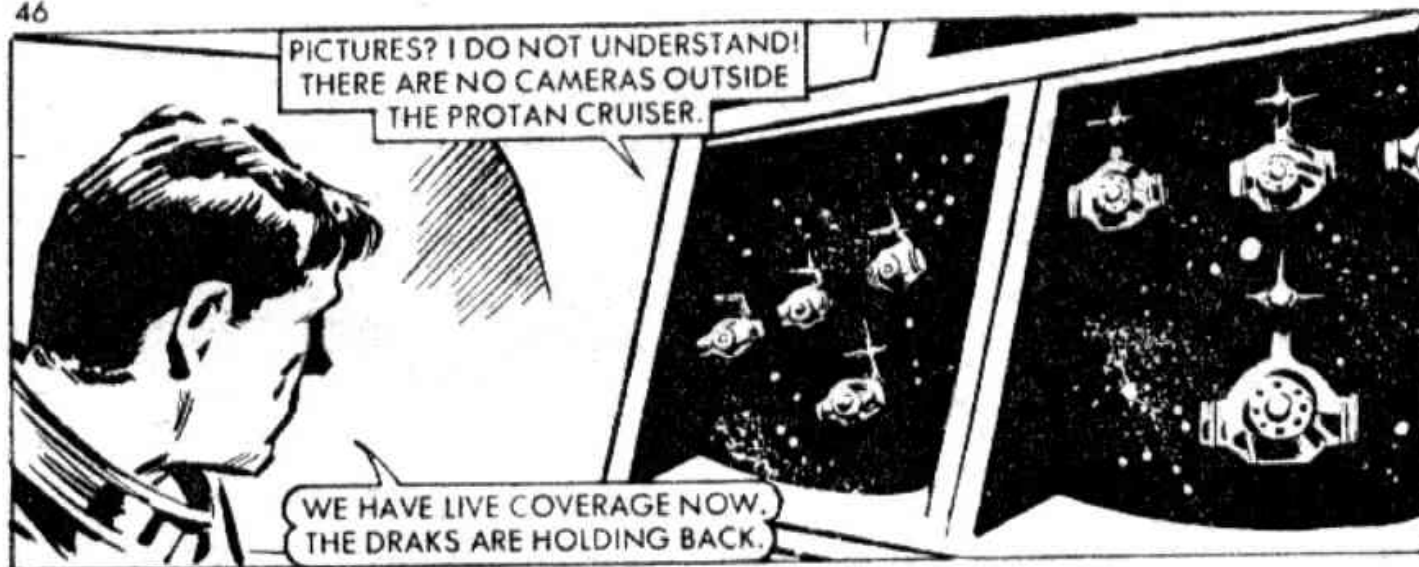


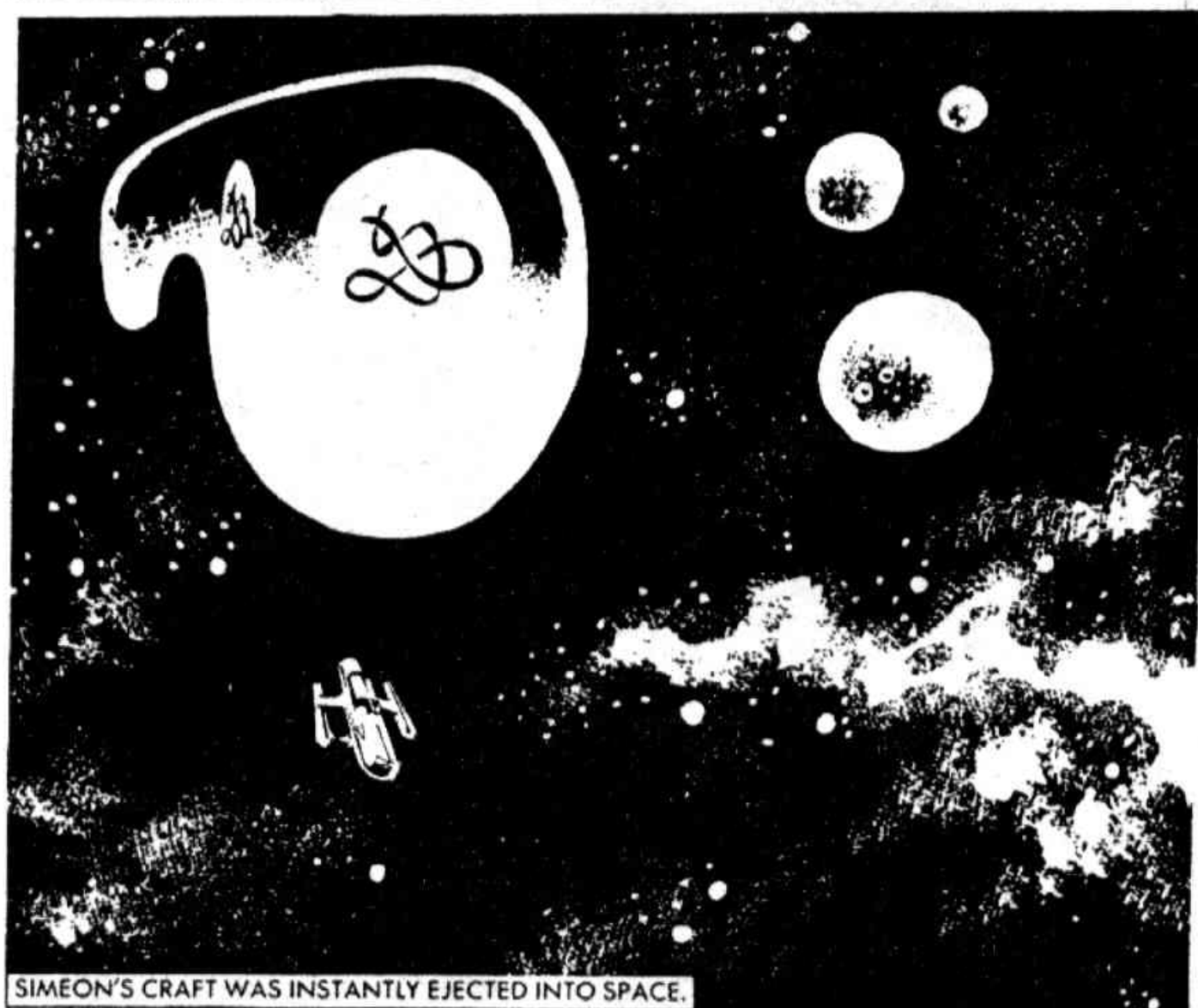
THE PROTAN SHIP SIDESLIPPED A
DRAK PLASMA BOLT.

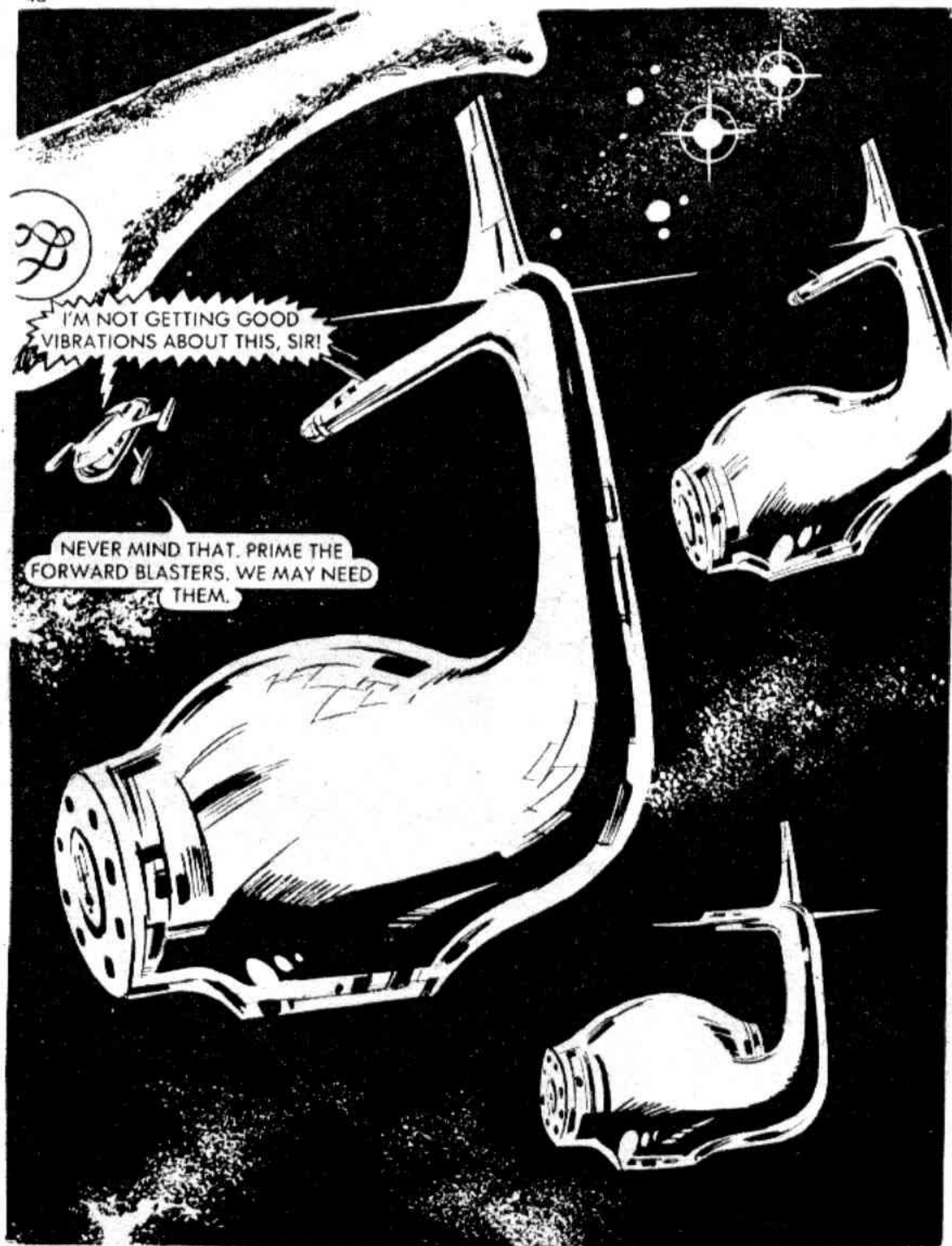


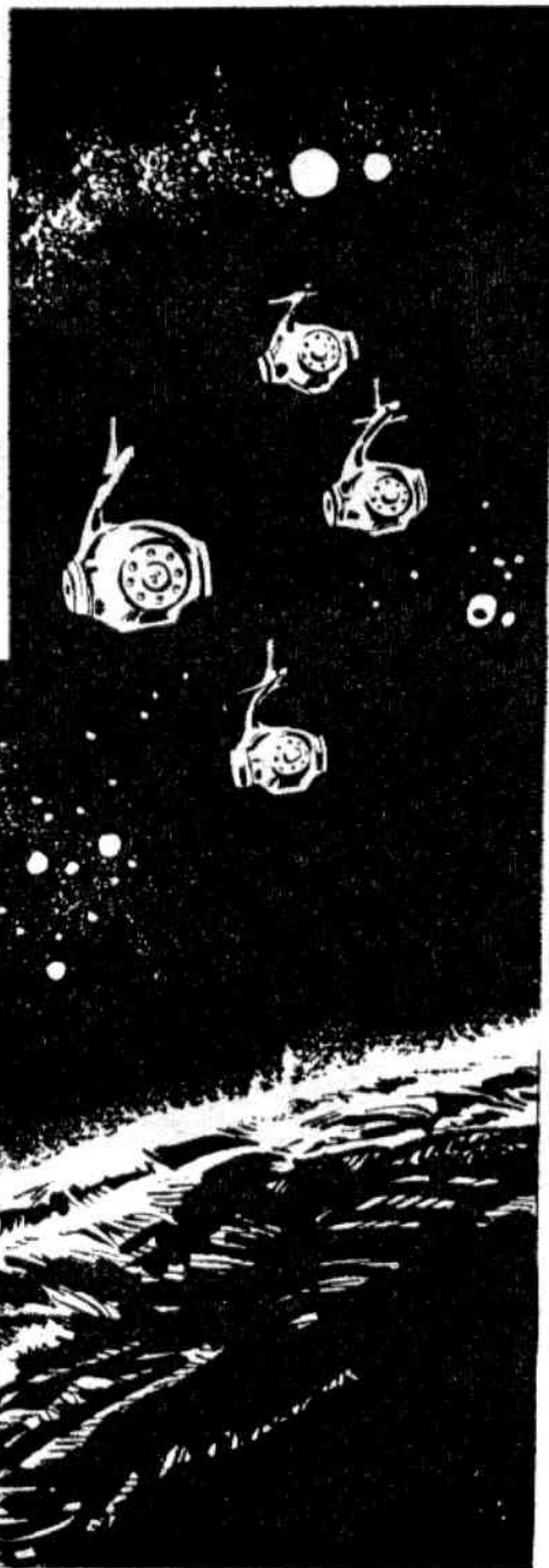
I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF
THIS! HEY! PROTA! CAN
YOU HEAR ME? LET ME
SEE WHAT'S GOING ON!

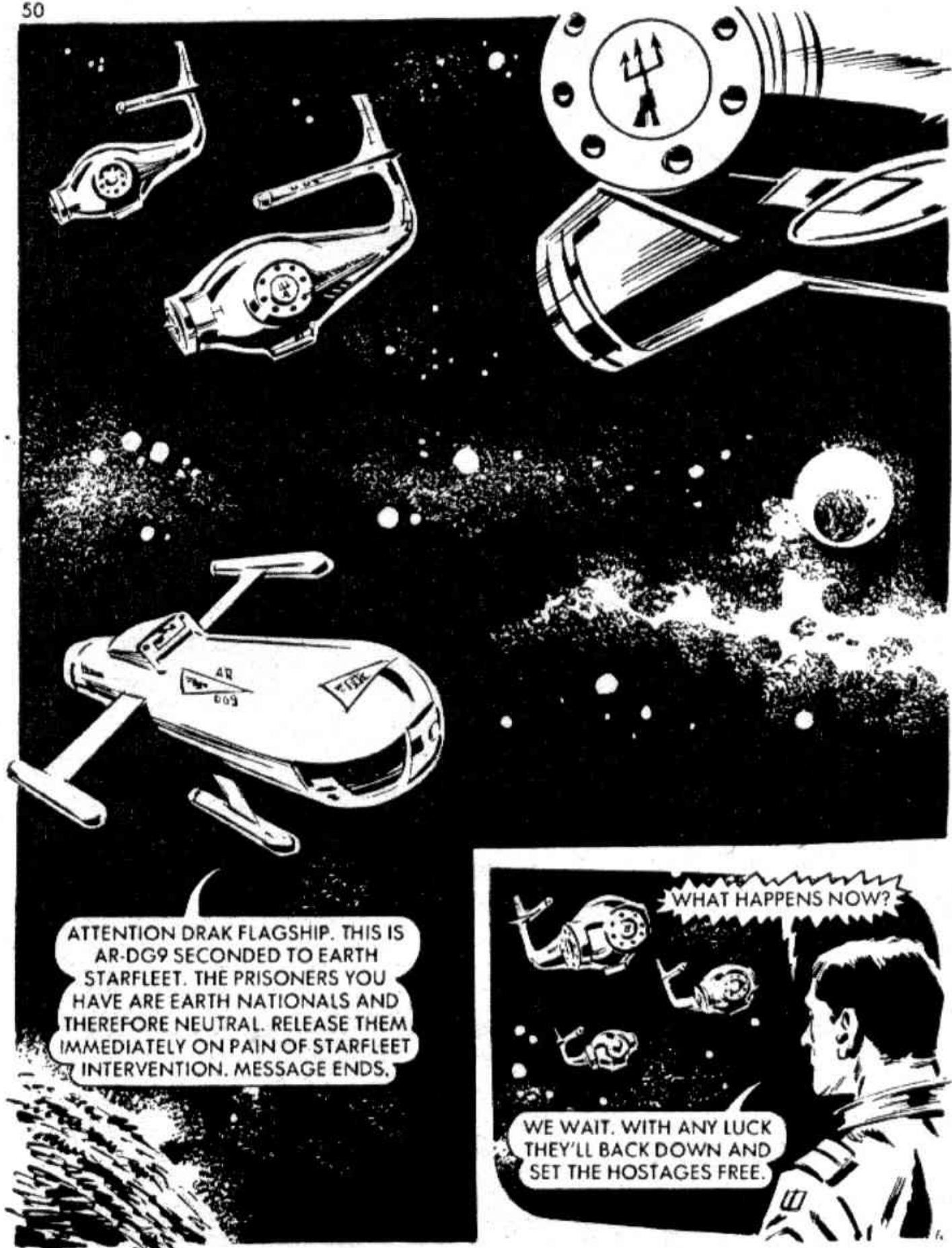
I FEAR THAT WILL
BE IMPOSSIBLE, SIR.







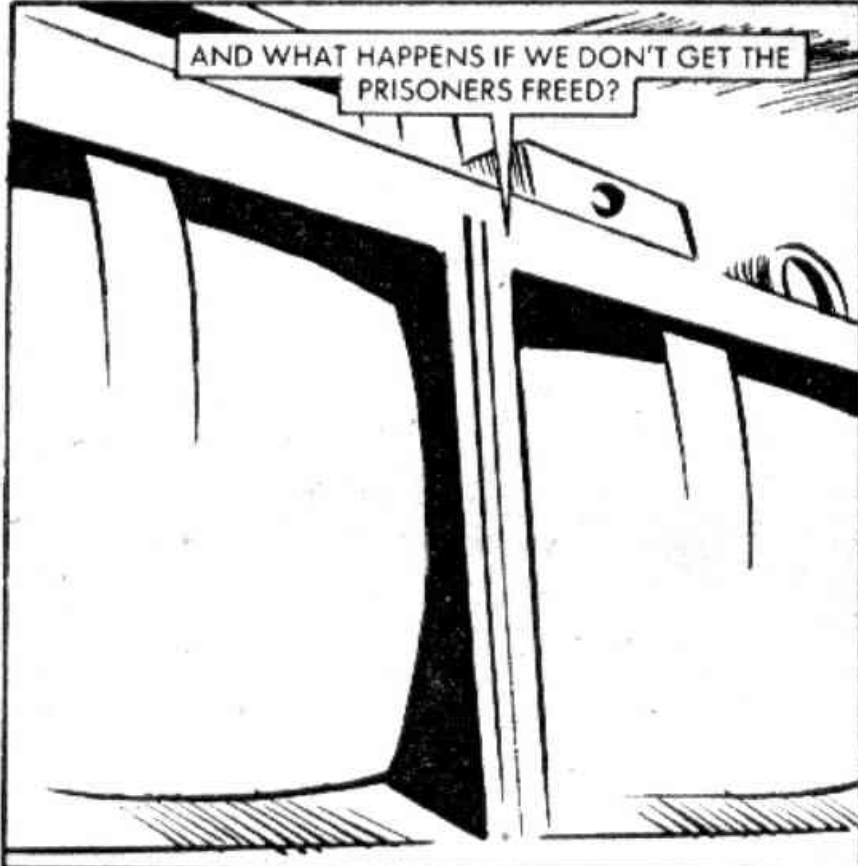





ATTENTION DRAK FLAGSHIP. THIS IS AR-DG9 SECONDED TO EARTH STARFLEET. THE PRISONERS YOU HAVE ARE EARTH NATIONALS AND THEREFORE NEUTRAL. RELEASE THEM IMMEDIATELY ON PAIN OF STARFLEET INTERVENTION. MESSAGE ENDS.

WHAT HAPPENS NOW?


WE WAIT. WITH ANY LUCK THEY'LL BACK DOWN AND SET THE HOSTAGES FREE.



AND WHAT HAPPENS IF WE DON'T GET THE PRISONERS FREED?

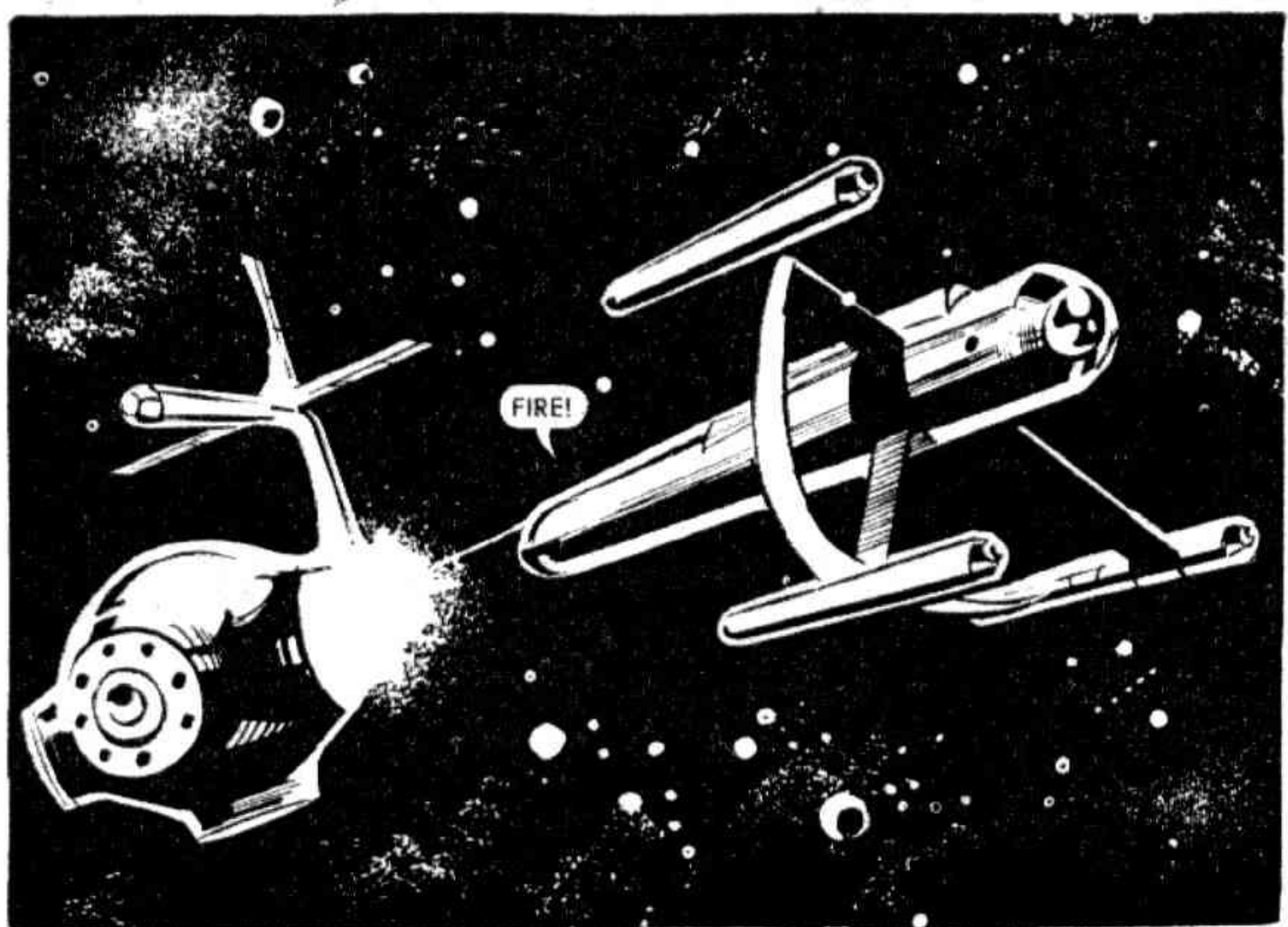


WE GO IN, BLASTING!




BLASTING? BLASTING WHAT? THE POWER WE'VE GOT WOULDN'T PRODUCE A GOOD RASPBERRY!


DON'T WORRY, PUTE! WE'LL SURVIVE.



THE FEEBLE BLAST HARDLY WARMED THE SURFACE OF THE
DRAK FRIGATE, BUT IT DRAINED ALL THE POWER RESERVES
FROM THE STARBINE.



THAT'S IT! ALL THE
POWER'S GONE. PUTE'S
GONE DEAD, AND BY THE
LOOK OF THOSE
NUCLOTRONS IT'S MY
TURN NEXT!



WHAT A WAY TO GO!
DEFENCELESS, BUT AT
LEAST I TRIED!

WFC
AIR



THE LUMBERING FRIGATES COULD NOT MANOEUVRE FAST ENOUGH TO SIGHT ON THE TINY FIGHTER SHIPS.





THEY'RE MAKING SHORT
WORK OF THE DRAKS.

THE DRAKS ARE EVEN HITTING EACH OTHER
TRYING TO GET THE FIGHTERS! I WISH I COULD
GET OUT THERE AND HELP THEM!

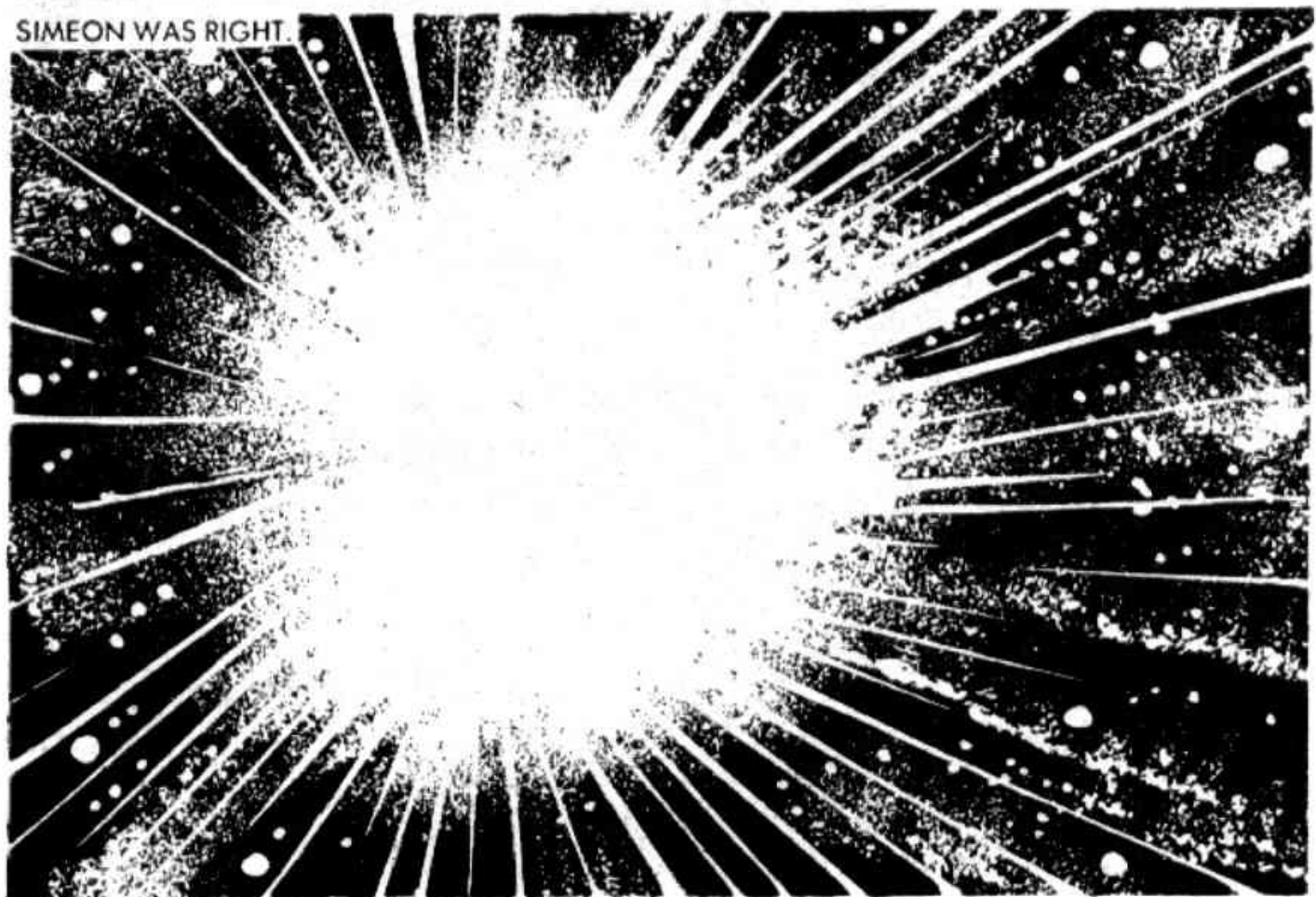
THE LAST REMAINING DRAK SHIPS
TURNED AND FLED.



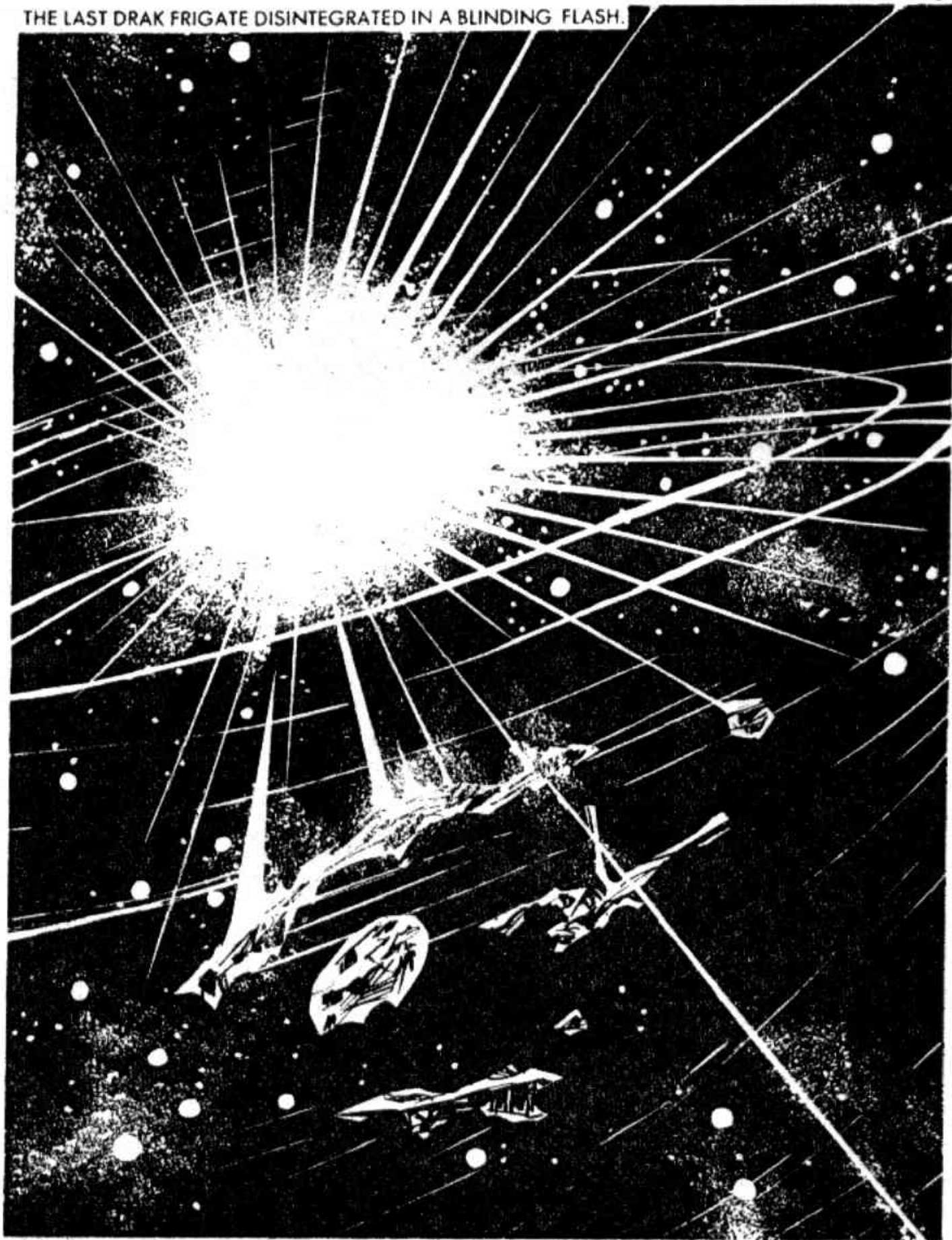
WHERE ARE THE
HOSTAGES? IF
THEY'RE IN THAT
LAST SHIP, THE
DRAKS WILL BLOW
IT UP.



SIMEON WAS RIGHT.



THE LAST DRAK FRIGATE DISINTEGRATED IN A BLINDING FLASH.





THEY'RE GOING! SURELY THEY
AREN'T GOING TO LEAVE ME HERE!

FOR A MOMENT A GREAT STILLNESS HUNG OVER THE FIELD
OF BATTLE, AND THEN, THE STARBINE LURCHED.



THE CRUISER'S TAKING ME UP INTO
ITS HOLD. I WONDER IF THE
FIGHTERS CAME FROM INSIDE IT!

ONCE INSIDE THE GIANT HOLD OF THE PROTAN CRUISER.



WELL, PUTE OLD FRUIT—WE'VE SURVIVED AGAIN. OR, AT LEAST, I HAVE. WE'LL SEE ABOUT YOU WHEN WE FIND THAT CRASHED STARFLEET SHIP.

BACK ON PROTA, SIMEON EMERGED FROM ONE HATCHWAY AND WAS SURPRISED TO SEE THE PEACE-KEEPING MISSION COME OUT FROM ANOTHER.



AH! YOU MUST BE COMMANDER SIMEON! WE RECEIVED A MESSAGE THAT YOU WERE COMING JUST BEFORE THE DRAK CAPTURED US!

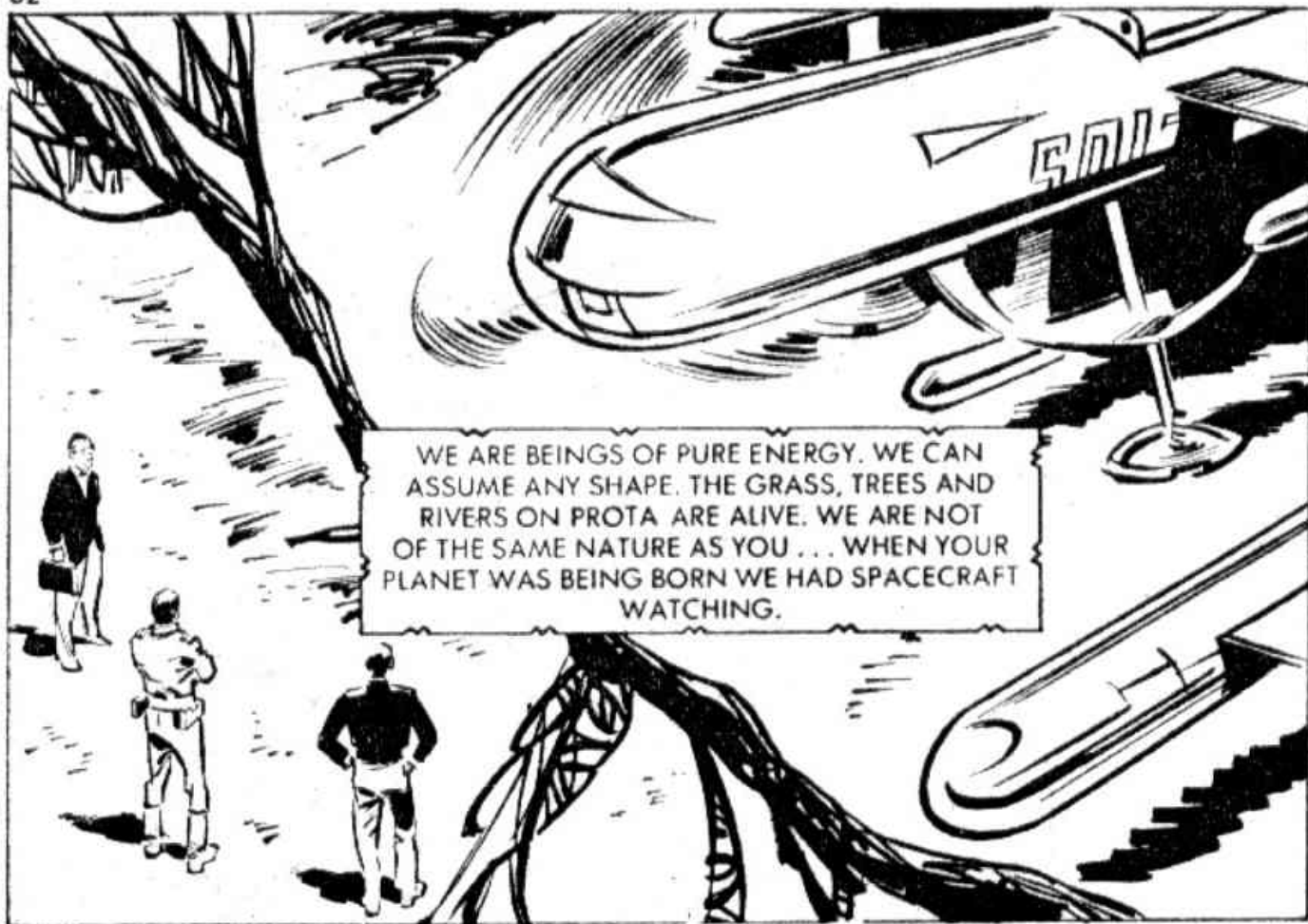





A STRANGE VOICE ECHOED ALL ROUND THEM.


YOU WERE BEAMED CLEAR, EARTH
BEINGS... YOUR CURIOSITY ABOUT US
IS AMUSING. HOWEVER, YOUR AIMS ARE
PEACEFUL AND YOU ARE ENTITLED TO AN
EXPLANATION.








... AND THE GREAT CRUISER
BECAME A HOST OF SMALL FIGHTERS!
NO WONDER WE COULDN'T SEE THE
PROTA—THEY WERE ALL AROUND US
ALL THE TIME!



YOU HAVE NO NEED TO FEAR THE
DRAKS. THEY SHALL NEVER BE
ALLOWED TO BE FREE OF US. THAT
IS OUR TASK. WE ARE THE
GUARDIANS OF PEACE AND OUR
NAME IS DEATH TO EVIL.







TWO DAYS' WORK RESTORED THE STARBINE TO WORKING CONDITION. AT LAST, SIMEON THREW THE SWITCH THAT WOULD BRING PUTE BACK TO LIFE.



THAT WAS A MOST WELCOME REST.
HAVE I MISSED ANYTHING
INTERESTING?

NOT MUCH! COMPUTE A COURSE FOR EARTH...
PUT STARBINE INTO BLAST OFF SEQUENCE.

STARBINE BLASTED AWAY FROM PROTA.

GOODBYE, PROTA!

FAREWELL, BRAVE ONE... MAY
YOUR RETURN BE IN PEACE.

THERE ARE MANY LIFE FORMS IN THE VAST GALAXIES...
SOME ARE PEACEFUL, AND SOME AREN'T. BUT IN THE
END, GOOD WILL ALWAYS TRIUMPH OVER EVIL.

Printed and Published in Great Britain by D.C. THOMSON & CO. LTD.,
185 Fleet Street, London, EC4A 2HS. © D.C. THOMSON & CO. LTD., 1979.

**NOW THAT YOU'VE READ
THIS**



**DON'T
FORGET
THAT
THERE'S
ANOTHER
ONE THIS
MONTH**

**IT'S ON SALE IN
YOUR NEWSAGENT'S NOW!**

STARBLAZERS

IN THE CONQUEST
OF SPACE

(11)



On 12th August, 1962 the Russians launched Andrian Nikolayev into space in Vostok 3. As he passed over his launch base, the Russians launched Vostok 4, piloted by Pavel Popovich. It passed within miles of Vostok 3, performing a brief rendezvous. It was the first time two men had been in space at the same time.